THE LOST OPAL OF MYSORE.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

OUR

CHTUOY

CHAPTER IX. "IN WHICH PALTU CHECKMATES MOGUL MIR."





DEPARTMENT



ed on his enemy's bindquarters, which he at once began to rip open with teeth and claws.

The maddened buffalo swerved aside into the dry channel, and stupidly blundered against the wall of earth on the opposite side of the pool.

Here the tiger fell off, and for a moment he seemed to be under his adversity's feet and horns. But he quickly rolled out of danger, and when next seen he was coinging to the throat and neck of the buffalo.

The latter was at a disadvantage owing to the soft sand and gravel into which his hoofs sank deeper and deeper at every moment. He finally dropped on his kness bellowing with range and pain.

The struggle that followed was of thrilling interest to Pink and the boys. For a time they forgot everything else, and they were recalled to their cruel pright only when the tiger let go of his victim, and crouched, panting and growling, in the shallow water of the pool.

"I was sure the buffalo would win," exclaimed Myles, in a tone of despair, "He must be dead."

"Pretty nearly," assented Pink, "but I can see 'im stir a bit yet, Ard the tiger

"Of he's coming," cried Jack, "look!" look!"
Yes, the monster was already approaching the weetched little party, his craving for human flesh as strong as ever. Plainly he was hurt and crippled, for every movement drew a snarl of asony as he crept slowly across the pool and out upon the shore.
"Better 'are it over than starve to death by inches," mustered Pink. Then, promoted by the instinct of preservation that lives to the last with doomed men, he added loudly, "Try 'lm with a yell, lads."

The struggle that followed was of thrilling interest to Pink and the boys. For a time they forgot everything else, and they were recalled to their cruel right only when the tiger let go of his vicism, and crouched, panting and growling in the shallow water of the pool.

I was sure the buffalo would win, exclaimed Myles, in a tone of despair, "He is a royal bird,' the stranger why the rouster crowed and on my winter overcoat, and the shallow water of the pool.

I was sure the buffalo would win, exclaimed Myles, in a tone of despair, "He is a royal bird,' the stranger why the rouster crowed and continued to crow.

"Precty nearly," assented Pink, "but I can see 'im stir a bit yet, And the tiger ain't satisfied. I 'oped would let us alone now,"

"O! he's coming," cried Jack, "book!" to be sneezed at.—Boston Transcript.

Yes, the monster was already approach—
The struggle How are you?

Fig.—Ah, Fogg! How are you?

Forg—Fine as silk. Never better'n with more curiosity than the rest ask—and tound the wing life. Got weighed today and found the stranger why the rouster crowed and continued to crow.

"He is a royal bird,' the stranger will reign as king."

"He must be worth a pretty sum, sald one.

"By no means answered the stranger, "By no means answered the stranger, "He is worth no more than a silvok!"

"But the growd of idle people. One with the drew the crowd of idle people. One with the drew the crowd of idle people. One will have found the with more curiosity than the rest ask—and tound the stranger why the rouster crowed and continued to crow.

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SE MR. THIMBLERNGER

QUEER COUNTRY.

OUTER COUNTRY.

THE CHILDREN'S SECOND VISIT.

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PART V—HOW A KING WAS

"Wind about the little girl who had the visit of parking water?" said by the messenger returned to the sweet to sum to supplie of the wind of gaparking water?" said by the messenger returned to the sweet to sum the min and said her son content and the visit of sparking water?" said sweetest Susan, turning to Mr. Thim
blefinger, just as Mrs. Meadows was about to begin her son,

"On, she is growing," replied Mr.

Thimbieninger.

Ones upon a time." Mrs. Meadows was began, rubbing her chin thoughtfully,

"Chere was a country that suddenly found tisself without a king. This was a long time ago, before people in some parts of the world began to think it was fashionable to have kings. I don't know what the trubble was exactly whether the king died or whether he was an amount as to the wing as a long time ago, before people in some parts of the world began to think it was fashionable to have kings. I don't know what the trubble was exactly whether the king died or whether he was an acquality that suddenly whether the king died or whether he was an acquality that suddenly found tisself without a king. This was a long time ago, before people in some parts of the world began to think it was fashionable to have kings. I don't know what the trubble was exactly whether the king died or whether he was an acquality whether he king died or whether he was an acquality that suddenly whether the king died or whether he was an acquality that suddenly found tisself without a king. This was a long time ago, before people in some parts of the world began to think it was fashionable to have kings. I don't know were a business and the said nothing the was a ready to return about a non
her fails the decident of the world to the was an acquality with the fail and the said nothing to have the fail to the world the said nothing to have the fail to the said nothing to h "That was a pretty good story," said Mr. Thimbledinger. "It was short and sweet, as the king bird said to the honey bee."

"Dey wuz too much kingla' in it to suit me. Et folks got ter have kings, how come we all sin't got none?" said Drustila. Drusilla. "Phase tell me about the little girl with the vial of sparkling water from the well at the end of the world." said Sweetest Susan to Mr. Thimblefinger. "I expect she is nearly grown by this time."

"Huh!" granted Drusilia, "If folks grow up dat quick I dunner what hin-der me from beln' a of gray head oman by sundown."

(To be continued.) THE VANITY OF MEN.

Young Woman of Observation Says. They Exceed the Women,

They Exceed the Women.

"It's ell very well for you men to go talking about woman's vanity," exist a young woman of observation. "but it has been my experience to find that men are just as vain as women. Indeed, I don't know if I should be guitty of a very great deflection from the perpendicular of veracity if I were to say that men are more vain than women, and that they have been ruising all this husund cry about "woman's tesetting sin so that they have been ruising all this husund cry about "woman's tesetting sin so that they have been ruising all this husund cry about "woman's tesetting sin so that they have trick, you know."



cm the cat;
First thing she knows she doesn't knowwhere she's at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes
out to slide.
Thong comes the grocery cart, an' we all
hook a ride!
It sometimes when the grocery man is hook a ride!
But sometimes when the grocery man is
wordited an' cross.
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss.
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh he never
toucked me"
But los' fore Christmas I'm as good as I
kin be!

HE SWAG "RED IF TO THEN FLASHING THE TORK IN THEM FACES

When any the state of the country of the state of th